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Title: The Monk's Habit

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The jingling of bells stirs  
through the quiet halls  
well before first light, as  
a brothers sandals scuff  
along the uneven  
cobblestone floor.

Accompanied by a  
flickering shadow,  
it draws near to my  
door.

With a creaakk the  
partition opens just  
enough to see the eyes  
of the hooded figure and  
then the full flame of  
the  
candle. I sit up and  
squint my eyes with an  
acknowledging subtle  
wave that helps block the  
glare. Then it starts to  
slink away with the  
clamoring of woolen cloth  
echoing against the  
doorframe. Its trailing  
bells and footfalls linger  
away.

The day has begun.

Now adorned in my habit  
after morning prayer,  
i make my way to  
consult Father Alexander  
about the services i shall  
provide this day. Given  
my charge i make my  
way to the refectory to  
take my meal before  
starting out.

There is much to do  
today. Firstly i must  
water the flowers on  
Queen Dawns grave  
which is a daily task,

then i must harvest some wheat to feed the bull beasts by the jail due to an injury the near sighted farmer received whilst attempting to gather milk from them.

All the sheep need to be shorn since spring is upon us, then the wool transported to the tailors for processing.

Finally i must find a fellow citizen who im told lives across the bay on the peninsula to return a ring that was found on the shore by the crossing. However the patch on the boat isn't dry yet so i will have to take the long way around.

Father Alexander praised the young man who turned in the ring instead of keeping it for himself and then gave me the ring for safekeeping until i was able to find the owner.

"Honesty is the best policy" is what he stated after the young man left when he handed me the ring.

Then he said "You have progressed in this virtue, but still have much to do"

I admit at first i was a little taken back by what i thought at the time was a slight about my low born status as i was given the charge, and i remember thinking as i looked at the ring in its pitiful conidition that it

wasnt even worth the  
trip  
to return it. Its not like  
it  
was made of a precious  
metal.

It is clearly iron  
and it even had a sharp  
little burr on it which  
kept  
snagging on the threads  
of my pocket every time  
i  
i took it out to look at  
and  
sigh about the extra time  
it would take to return  
after i will have to put  
in  
a full day.

But late last night i  
couldnt help to think that  
the Father was right. I  
did  
still have much to do in  
proving my virtues  
and being found worthy  
of my robes.

The task is a daunting  
one adhead of me. In this  
first year of service to  
the abbey i have pledged  
to complete studies in  
Spirituality, Honesty, and  
Compassion  
Father Alexander said  
mastering these virtues  
along with Sacrifice and  
Humility are the core  
Virtues for any brother  
of  
the order.

As for the rest  
i am told even though  
they are important, they  
arent a requirement to  
stay within the walls  
as they are more for  
the  
warrior and paladins  
classes. All monks of the  
abbey specialize in one or  
more of the studies, but  
no one is master of all,

not even Father  
Alexander.

I shall strive  
to do by best. I am by

nature "of the land",  
part healer,herbalist,  
alchemist, scribe, cook  
and pretty good with a  
shepards crook. I  
imagine that is why im  
always assigned to the  
sheeps pens.

I shall be patient and be  
more dilligent to my  
tasks.

Patience is a quality that  
i do admit i need to  
work  
on as well. Perhaps the  
greatest virtue of them  
all.